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An exhibition of new works by **Harold Ancart and Loup Sarion**

July 12 - August 10, 2018

CLEARING Upper East Side

To catch sight of an island from a boat could be more pleasurable than ever setting foot on it

- Edouard Levé

Do you know the story about the hand imprisoned in concrete, that melted?

The story from the human with only bad anecdotes?

No, oh, never mind then.

It is a mis-memory of memories...

You are playing Ping-Pong on a solid outdoor Ping-Pong table

You hear a splash

The Ping-Pong ball flew in the pool

You net it out and persevere Ping-Pong through the ashy heat

Later you ash your cigarette gently in the folds of the waves

You are seated on the platform that water slowly submerges

Haptically ashes get sucked up by pump

Do you remember the sky? You left Ping-Pong behind, went to the beach
in your friend's car. It broke down on the side of the road and got towed.

You never made it to the beach, but you walked alongside the water
later with them, over jagged stones and misplaced, malformed, old rubble.

You sat down on an abandoned waterfront stoop

Together you sang so your voices echoed like in a fine old amphitheater

What a day! What a day!

One of the crispiest in memory!

Like a long sip

Like the shade

Like a break in steam

Like a breeze

Resisting longing, watch the steam scale the stairs, do not breath too deeply

- Madeleine Braun